

THE
CYRNEAN HERO: 10

A P O E M.

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO
HIS GRACE
CHARLES DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY, &c.

By Mr COLVILL. *K*

A BRAVE MAN struggling with the Storms of Fate.

POPE.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, M,DCC,LXXII.

THE

CYRILIC ALPHABET

A. P. O. M.

Most highly recommended to

his Majesty

CHARLES ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN



1851

London

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MY LORD DUKE,

TO address a Nobleman of your princely RANK and VIRTUES in the Preface to a little Poem, may, to many, appear improper: And, indeed, it were a most gross Intrusion, was the Subject trifling or nugatory: But the Annals of the brave and unfortunate are Objects of public Attention: And where shall the CYRNEAN HERO seek Protection but beneath the Shield of DOUGLAS, the Sanctuary of the BRAVE!

This Poem was composed when PAOLI was upon his Tour through the West of Scotland, and should then have been presented to your GRACE, had not the Misfortunes of the Author proved fatal to his Muse. He is the lineal Descendant and Representative of COLVILL of the DALE, and with Enthusiasm embraces this Opportunity of paying Homage to the noble Duke and Duchess of QUEENSBERRY. With earnest Prayer that they may live long, to see their Country and the illustrious HOUSE of DOUGLAS flourishing, I rejoice to subscribe myself, with the most profound Veneration,

MY LORD DUKE,

Your most humble,

And most devoted Servant,

R. COLVILL.

DYSART,
March 26. 1772.

MY LORD DUKK

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the matter of the late Mr. J. B. ... and in answer to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. B. ...

With the most profound Veneration,

MY LORD DUKK,

Your most humble,

And most devoted servant,

H. C. ...

RECEIVED
MAY 20 1872

THE
CYRNEAN HERO.

HAIL to the CHIEF! whom civic wreaths adorn,
Whose loud acclaim from pole to pole is borne;
Whose godlike strife to save a sinking land,
To wrench the scourge from stern oppression's hand,
To shield the last remains, the children brave
Of freedom struggling 'mid the *Tyrrhene* wave;
The *British* youth shall mark with fond surprise,
And patriots feel their kindred passions rise;
More bold to plead for their invaded laws,
And grapple danger for the public cause;
To quell the storm when madd'ning factions roar,
Or tyrant *Bourbon*, from his hostile shore,
Like great PAOLI, 'tend their country's call,
Resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall.

What tho' illiberal *France*, with venal band,
Now proudly lord it o'er thy native land!

A

The

The sordid *state* prepare, with tyrant frown
 And slavish yoke, to bend thy country down.
 What tho' fell bondage shake her iron rod
 O'er *Cortes* walls, glad freedom's late abode!
 Yet brighter days shall gild the fav'rite isle,
 And fate, relenting, on her warriors smile.
 The race of *Herc'les* ev'ry danger braves,
 Nor tamely bends to hosts of *Latian* slaves.
 The public love each kindred bosom fills,
 And pours her champions from a hundred hills:
 Fiercely they rally o'er the *Cyrnean* * shore,
 And drench the island with invader's gore.

Unconquer'd *Cyrna*, struggling to be free,
 Still rends the yoke of galling slavery;
 Renews the mortal charge with deep'ning roar,
 Like the wild waves which dash her rocky shore.

Still

* The Author in this Poem uses the antient name of Corsica, which was called Cyrnum or Cyrna by the Greeks, from Cyrnus, the son of Hercules, who was supposed to have been the first who planted a colony in that Island. See *Stephanus de urbibus*, or that curious and interesting History of Corsica, lately published by the ingenious JAMES BOSWELL, Esq; of Auchinleck.

Still *Bourbon's* mercenary host shall bleed ;
 Again high *Cyrna* lift her laurel'd head ;
 Again triumph in thy victorious sword,
 The public father to his sons restor'd.

Thus would the Muse, who in thy wrongs takes part,
 Who feels the pangs which rend thy patriot heart,
 To sooth thy grief, her humble tribute bring
 Of lenient hope, shed from her trembling wing ;
 Hope, our good Angel, with bright radiance crown'd,
 With healing hand, allays misfortune's fount ;
 Dispels the gloom which adverse tempests raise,
 And gilds dark providence with orient rays ;
 Points to the shipwreck'd mariner afar
 His port, and guides him like the polar star.

What roused the *Maccabean* race to arms,
 Who shook the *Syrian* tyrant with alarms ?
 What steel'd the heart of *Brutus*, sternly good,
 To save fall'n *Rome*, redeem'd by *Cæsar's* blood ?
 What led the Great, whose pinion'd fame does soar,
 Thee *Tamerlane* ! distain'd with eastern gore ?

The

The toiling *Muscovite*, *Gustavus* bold,
 To face each danger, when in arms grown old?
 'Twas the big hope still bounding in their breast
 To save mankind, by tyrant pow'r oppress'd.
 The harvest reap'd in iron fields, to see
 Bless'd peace establish'd, and their country free.

This arm'd fair *England's* champions for the fight,
 To combat myriads in their country's right;
 Victorious *Alfred* stain'd with *Danish* gore,
 Her *Edwards*, *Henrys*, on the *Gallic* shore;
 Their swords the scourge of heav'n, with vengeful glare
 Shook o'er the foe dread pestilence and war;
 While kingdoms, tyrants, shrunk before their frown,
 Whose scanty legion shook the *Gallic* throne.
 The land which trembling fear'd a foreign sword,
 With grateful welcome hail'd her laurel'd lord;
 Wing'd conquest led; grim bondage stalk'd behind,
 In rattling chains, she for the brave design'd;
 High-thron'd, her guardian spread the gifts of peace,
 And freedom charter'd to a dauntless race;

Beneath

Beneath his buckler, loyal, bold, and free,
They shar'd the golden sweets of liberty.

Oh *Liberty*! man's first and choicest treasure!
Bright soul of virtue! sacred source of pleasure?
Daughter of heaven! with every blooming grace
To charm the bold, and polish human race.
Without *thee* nature droops, and all we boast
Of country, friends, and kindred, all is lost:
The plume of grandeur fades, life knows no blessing;
No rich endearment worth careffing.
The world, a dreary, darksome prison lies,
Where all the soul of man within him dies;
Dies to each great design, the minion tame
Of guilty power, the slave of sin and shame.

For *THEE*, what hardships would the bold endure?
How brave the vengeance of oppressive pow'r!
How, following fierce thro' toil, war, bonds, and death,
Resound the onset with their latest breath!
Unconquer'd struggle, or, should freedom bleed,
Sink, crown'd with glory, 'mid the honour'd dead.

B

Descend,

Descend, dread *Goddeſs* of the fearless eye!
 Come from eternal ſplendors, from on high!
 To ſhield the nations from deſpotic pride,
 From rage and violence, uſurping wide:
 And teach them, rais'd to guard, with manly grace,
 The native rights and honours of their race.
 Dread *Goddeſs*, riſe! Extend thine equal reign
 From fartheſt *Ind'* to *Zembla's* freezing main:
 But chiefly hover with benignant ſmiles,
 Where 'mid old ocean tow'r the *British* iſles;
 Where thy true *race*, of mind and courage high,
 Repel the yoke of waſteful ſlavery.
 While dreadful o'er the ſubject waves is hurl'd,
 Like Heav'n's, their thund'ring ſtorm to ſhake a guilty
 world.

Here fix thy ſeat, and blaze with *Roman* flame,
 In ſenates bold no tyrant arts could tame:
 Rouze them to feel for the atrocious deed;
 Brandiſh thy terrors at the guilty head:
 From mean ſubmiſſion vindicate the land,
 And give the vengeance to thy dauntleſs band:

Till

Till lawless rage and faction be no more,
 And foreign tyrants own *Britannia's* pow'r;
 Whose PRINCE and people prop the general cause,
 Supporting and supported by the laws;
 While savage bondage driv'n abroad to reign,
 Feels her own scourge, and bites her iron chain.

Ye generous BRITONS! could this verse avail
 To rouse your rage at suff'ring Virtue's tale;
 Then might the wretched, struggling with their fate,
 Revere thine arm, which props each falling state;
 Assert their rights beneath thy guardian care,
 And taste the sweets which you profusely share.

But whither would my wayward fancy rove?
 Inrich'd with wisdom and with virtue's love,
 PAOLI rests in hope; nor aught abates
 Of this prime anchor 'mid the frowning fates.
 Ye mean usurpers, insolent through pow'r!
 Hang forth your trophies from *Aleria's* tow'r!
 Raze Freedom's feat! and when her sons complain,
 Load them to groan beneath a heavier chain!

Bluster,

Bluster, ye Fates ! ye stormy squadrons, rise !
 And sound the charge with thunder's dreadful voice !
 The *island* trembles ; but, estranged from fear,
 Her *pilot* looks beyond where brightning skies appear ;
 Where radiant hope breaks o'er the ocean stream,
 To gild her shores, like *Phosphor's* orient beam.

Meanwhile, exil'd from all the great can boast,
 From friends, from kindred, from your native coast :
 * Honour'd and safe, by *Thames'* fam'd stream repose,
 Nor dread the guile of *Cyrna's* vengeful foes.
 Fair Albion joys thy kindred soul to trace,
 And speaks her welcome with a fond embrace :

Unfolds

* It will ever be remembered, with regret, how, after a bloody campaign, the French army intirely reduced the brave Corsicans. Paoli (now beset with traitors and assassins, the mercenary pack set on by lawless power to hunt down the brave and unfortunate) left the Island, where he could continue no longer with advantage to his Countrymen.

Landing in Italy, he passed through several states, where he was entertained with respect, and at length took refuge in England.

There all ranks seemed to contend in paying homage to Fortitude and Freedom in the Person of the great PAOLI. He was carried to St JAMES's, and there courteously received ; suitable apartments were assigned him ; the chief of the nobility attended his levee ; and, wherever he passed, the people followed the HERO with public honours and applause.

Unfolds her gates, the BRAVE MAN's sanctuary,
 To shelter worth, and freedom fled with thee.
 Her circ'ling seas a shining bulwark stand
 To shield the patriot 'scap'd from Pharaoh's hand.
 Here, while the tempests lour, and Bourbon waits,
 The hir'd assassin of weak Latian states:
 The mem'ry of thy country's wrongs efface
 In great designs, to save a sinking race;
 To pour the lenitive, with healing hand,
 In aching wounds that rankle thro' the land;
 And form with Roman skill the Cyrnean race,
 'Mid war's alarum taught the arts of peace.
 Here whet thy rage, that when the hour shall come,
 When righteous heav'n shall seal the tyrant's doom,
 PAOLI may in awful vengeance rise,
 To crush the proud, like thunder from the skies.

And what may sooth the brave, thy public cause
 Secures thee Britain's wonder and applause:
 Her PEERS, the pride and bulwark of the land,
 The sons of freedom give thee friendship's hand.

PIERCY and princely DOUGLAS foremost found
 To tame the dragon, foil'd with many an wound:
 The scourge of tyrants grace thy modest gate,
 To mourn with thee sad *Cyrna's* ruin'd state.
 Behold! they come! PEMBROKE, of gallant soul!
 Thy pangs to soothe, thy *Cyrna's* foes controul:
 ROCHFORD, to ev'ry courtly grace ally'd;
 ROCHFORD, the BRAVE MAN's friend, and early try'd.

See! CALEDONIA, once depress'd and low,
 When pow'r and slav'ry forc'd the *brave* to bow,
 Exalts her tow'ring front, and hastes to greet
 The cause of liberty, with rev'rence meet;
 Admires in thee the fire which blaz'd of old
 In GRÆME, in BRUCE, in DOUGLAS firm and bold,
 Who toil'd for SCOTLAND in the throat of death,
 And peal'd her triumph with his latest breath.
 Her *cities* hail thee, and her *senates* wait
 T' inroll thy name with chiefs and patriots great.

See HIM! whom genius and true worth adorn,
 And early wreaths, from stern oppression torn;

Who,

Who, rous'd by freedom's and by virtue's flame,
 First heard the clarion peal PAOLI's name:
 Left learned ease and ALBION's blissful shore,
 In distant climes thy fortunes to explore:
 There brav'd infested seas, nor fear'd to go
 Thro' hostile camps throng'd dire with freedom's foe,
 Till every peril past, 'mid fire and sword,
 Glad * BOSWELL hail'd high *Cyrna's* warlike LORD.

He hop'd to see THY righteous cause prevail,
 And sullen bondage mourn her sinking scale:
 Rehears'd the annals of THY rising state,
 And leagu'd with Princes to avert her fate.

But

* This young Gentleman, who is Heir to an ample fortune in the west of Scotland, distinguished himself very early by his warm attachment to every good cause, and more particularly by his Writings in defence of DOUGLAS, and of the BRAVE CORSICANS. Animated by a very singular enthusiasm, he left London in the spring 1765, and undertook a long and hazardous journey, that he might visit and connect a friendship with the great PAOLI, who was then struggling to support his Country against the united troops of France and Genoa.

This enterprising Expedition of the *Sieur BOSWELL* drew after him the notice not only of the Literati, but likewise of all the neighbouring states, who now considered him as an embassy from the Court of Britain about to interpose in favours of the brave islanders. The narrative of his travels to Corsica, and particularly of the consternation and jealousy of the Genoese Senators, is both interesting and full of humour.

From

But now an exile from *THEY* tribes, oppress'd
 With ev'ry pang which rends *THEY* patriot breast;
 True cordial friendship glowing in *HIS* face,
 In grief and joy he claims *THEY* warm embrace:
 Invokes high heav'n to vindicate *THEY* right,
 And rouses *Europe* to the glorious fight.

So when proud *Cæsar* stretch'd his iron rod,
 Expelling freedom from her fam'd abode:
 The *Mauritanian*, smit with virtue's charms,
 Ador'd the *Goddeſs* in her *Cato's* arms;
 Arrang'd his myriads, kindling at the call,
 To humble *Cæsar*, or with *Cato* fall.

Thus I, the follower of the tuneful croud,
 By winding *Forth* rehearse my sonnets rude;
 Nor rich to aid, nor powerful to redress,
 The Muse may mourn with *greatness* in distress:

Breath

From the nearest shore of Italy he crossed over to Corſica, where the sea was beſet with the enemy's ſhips. He was ſeveral times in the French camp, and, as he takes notice in his letter to the learned and philoſophic Rouſſeau, in imminent danger of being puniſhed as a ſpy.

After induring many hardſhips in a country which was all mountainous, and then the ſeat of war, he puſhed his way acroſs the Iſland, over almoſt inacceſſible hills, and, having paſſed through much danger and fatigue, was at length introduced into the tent of the great PAOLI. See the late Hiſtory of Corſica, by J. BOSWELL, Eſq;.

Breath her oraison, nor in blushes hide,
 Aw'd by the frown of insolence and pride.
 The sacred strains, to worth and freedom due,
 PAOLI! borrow dignity from you.
 The tears we shed when injur'd nations groan,
 Mount with their cry to the celestial throne.

Nor lacks the Muse her burthen to complain ;
 The lot of man is stamped with grief and pain.
 And she has mourn'd fell malice' poison'd dart,
 And galling scorn, which gnaws the conscious heart ;
 And foul ingratitude, the worst of crimes,
 To blast fair honour tried in bitter times.
 Of these she well could plain her baleful song,
 But patience checks, and other cares belong :
 To tend the charge the SOV'REIGN SHEPHERD gave,
 To feed my flock along the briny wave ;
 To watch their safety from the prouling croud,
 But most from Man, oppressive, false, and proud.
 There, whilst they haply brouze the wholesome flow'r,
 On sunny cliff, or sport the harmless hour,

D

Nor

I ease my pastoral reed, and pleas'd retire
 To charm wild eccho with my rustic lyre.
 Or wand'ring, pensive, hear the brave complain,
 And consecrate to *Cyrna's* CHIEF the strain.
 Nor selfish shall the Muse's numbers flow
 In partial plaint, but for the *public woe*.
 The wrongs of outrage we have learn'd to bear;
 Have learn'd to feel for *worth*, and give the tear,
 The sacred tear o'er suff'ring *greatness* shed,
 When anxious BRITAIN veil'd her mournful head;
 And pierc'd with horror at MATILDA's fate,
 Look'd on her LORD the GUARDIAN of the state.

This should HE read, the GREAT whom I revere,
 And follow still with heart estranged from fear,
 With loyal heart, HIS noble SOUL will rise
 In indignation at the Muse's voice;
 To aid the cause by BRITAIN's sons belov'd,
 And right his *friend* in ev'ry *fortune* prov'd.

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F I N I S.

